

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XIV—NO. 20.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1802.

WHOLE NO. 696.

THE FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

A TALE.

[Continued from our last.]

AGNES was too honorable to take to herself the merit she did not deserve: she therefore owned she was indeed guilty; "nor should I," she added, "have dared to intrude myself, on you, or solicit you to let me remain under your roof, were I not severely punished for my crime, and resolved to pass the rest of my days in solitude and labor."—"You should not presume to intrude yourself upon me!" replied Fanny—"Do not talk thus, if you do not mean to break my heart."—"Nay, Fanny," answered Agnes, "it would be presumption in any person who has quitted the path of virtue to intrude herself, however high her rank might be, on the meanest of her acquaintance whose honor is spotless. Nor would I thus throw myself on your generosity were I not afraid that, if I were to be unsoothed by the presence of a sympathizing friend, I should sink beneath my sorrows, and want resolution to fulfil the hard task my duty enjoins me."

I shall not attempt to describe the anguish of Fanny when she thought of her young lady, the pride of her heart, as she used to call her, being reduced so low in the world, nor the sudden bursts of joy she gave way to the next moment when she reflected that Agnes was returned, never perhaps to leave her again.

Agnes wore away great part of the night in telling Fanny her mournful tale, and in hearing from her a full account of her father's sufferings, bankruptcy, and consequent madness. At day-break she retired to bed, not to sleep, but ruminate on the romantic yet in her eyes feasible plan she had formed for the future—while Fanny, wearied out by the violent emotions she had undergone, sobbed herself to sleep by her side.

The next morning Agnes did not rise till Fanny had been up some time; and when she seated herself at the breakfast-table, she was surprised to see it spread in a manner which ill accorded with her or Fanny's situation. On asking the reason, Fanny owned she could not bear her dear young lady should fare as she did only, and had therefore provided a suitable breakfast for her.—"But you forget," said Agnes, "that if I remain with you, neither you nor I can afford such breakfasts as these."—"True," replied Fanny mournfully. "Then you must consider this as only a welcome, madam."—"Aye," rejoined Agnes, "the prodigal is returned, and you have killed the fatted calf." Fanny burst into tears; while Agnes, shocked at having excited them by the turn she unguardedly gave to her poor friend's attention, tried to soothe her into composure and affected a gaiety which she was far from feeling.

"Now then to my first task," said Agnes, rising as soon as she had finished her breakfast: "I am going to call on Mr. Seymour; you say he lives where he formerly did."—"To call on Mr. Seymour!" exclaimed Fanny; "O my dear madam, do not go near him, I beseech you; he is a very severe man, and will affront you depend upon it."—"No matter," rejoined Agnes, "I have deserved humiliation, and will not shrink from

it: but his daughter Caroline, you know, was once my dearest friend, and she will not suffer him to trample on the fallen; and it is necessary I should apply to him in order to succeed in my scheme."—"What scheme?" replied Fanny. "You would not approve it, Fanny, therefore I shall not explain it to you at present; but, when I return, perhaps I shall tell you all."—"But you are not going so soon? not in day-light, surely? If you should be insulted!"

Agnes started with horror at this proof which Fanny had unguardedly given, how hateful her guilt had made her in a place that used to echo with her praises—but, recovering herself she said she should welcome insults as part of the expiation she meant to perform."—"But if you will not avoid them for your own sake, pray, pray do for mine," exclaimed Fanny. "If you were to be ill used, I am sure I should never survive it: so, if you must go to Mr. Seymour's, at least oblige me in not going before dark;" and, affected by this fresh mark of her attachment, Agnes consented to stay.

At six o'clock in the evening, while the family were sitting round the fire, and Caroline Seymour was expecting the arrival of her lover, to whom she was to be united in a few days, Agnes knocked at Mr. Seymour's door, having positively forbidden Fanny to accompany her. Caroline, being on the watch for her intended bridegroom, started at the sound; and though the knock Agnes gave did not much resemble that of an impatient lover, still "It might be he"—"he might mean to surprise her;" and, half opening the parlor door, she listened with a beating heart for the servant's answering the knock.

By this means she distinctly heard Agnes ask whether Mr. Seymour was at home. The servant started, and stammered out that he believed his master was within—while Caroline, springing forward, exclaimed, "I know that voice—O yes! it must be she!"—but her father, seizing her arm, pushed her back in the parlour, saying, "I also know that voice, and I command you to stay where you are."—Then going up to Agnes, he desired her to leave his house directly, as it should be no harbor for abandoned women and unnatural children.

"But will you not allow it to shelter for one moment the wretched and the penitent?" she replied. "Father, my dear, dear father," cried Caroline, again coming forward, but was again driven back by Mr. Seymour, who, turning to Agnes, bade her claim shelter from the man for whom she had left the best of parents; and desiring the servant to shut the door in her face, he re-entered the parlor, whence Agnes distinctly heard the sobs of the compassionate Caroline.

But the servant was kinder than the master, and could not obey the orders he had received.—"O madam! Miss Fitzhenry, do you not know me?" said he. "I once lived with you; have you forgotten little William? I shall never forget you; you were the sweetest tempered young lady—That ever I should see you thus!"

Before Agnes could reply, Mr. Seymour again angrily asked why his orders were not obeyed; and Agnes, checking her emotion, besought Wil-

liam to deliver a message to his master. "Tell him," said she, "all I ask of him is, that he will use his interest to get me the place of servant in the house, the bedlam I would say, where—he will know what I mean," she added, unable to utter the conclusion of the sentence—and William, in a broken voice, delivered the message.

"O my poor Agnes!" cried Caroline passionately—"A servant! she a servant! and in such a place too!" William adding in a low voice—"Ah! Miss! and she looks so poor and wretched!"

Meanwhile Mr. Seymour was walking up and down the room hesitating how to act; but, reflecting that it was easier to forbid any communication with Agnes than to check it if once begun, he again desired William to shut the door against her. "You must do it yourself then," replied William, "for I am not hard-hearted enough;"—and Mr. Seymour, summoning up resolution, told Agnes there were other governors to whom she might apply, and then locked the door against her himself—while Agnes slowly and sorrowfully turned her steps towards Fanny's more hospitable roof.

She had not gone far, however, when she heard a light footstep behind her, and her name pronounced in a gentle, faltering voice—and turning round she beheld Caroline Seymour, who seizing her hand, forced something into it, hastily pressed it to her lips, and, without saying one word, suddenly disappeared, leaving Agnes motionless as a statue, and, but for the parcel she held in her hand, disposed to think she was dreaming.—Then, eager to see what it contained, she hastened back to Fanny, who heard with indignation the reception she had met from Mr. Seymour, but on her knees invoked blessings on the head of Caroline, when opening the parcel she found it contained twenty guineas inclosed in a paper, on which was written, but almost effaced with tears, "For my still dear Agnes—would I dare say more!"

This money the generous girl had taken from that allowed her for wedding clothes, and felt more delight in relieving with it the wants even of a guilty fellow-creature, than purchasing the most splendid dress could afford her. And her present did more than she expected; it relieved the mind of Agnes: she had taught herself to meet without repining the assaults of poverty, but not to encounter with calmness the scorn of the friends she loved.

But Caroline and her kindness soon vanished again from her mind, and the idea of her father, and her scheme, took entire possession of it—"But it might not succeed—no doubt Mr. Seymour would be her enemy—still he had hinted she might apply to other governors; and Fanny having learnt that they were all to meet at the bedlam on business the next day, she resolved to write a note, requesting to be allowed to appear before them.

This note, Fanny, who was not acquainted with its contents, undertook to deliver, and to the great surprise of Agnes (as she expected Mr. Seymour would oppose it), her request was instantly granted. Indeed it was Mr. Seymour himself who urged the compliance.

There was not a kinder hearted man in the world than Mr. Seymour; and in his severity towards Agnes he acted more from what he thought his duty, than from his inclination. He was the father of several daughters, and it was his opinion that a parent could not too forcibly inculcate in the minds of young women the salutary truth, that loss of virtue must be to them the loss of friends. Besides, his eldest daughter, Caroline, was going to be married to the son of a very severe rigid mother, then staying at the house, and he feared that, if he took any notice of the fallen Agnes, the old lady might conceive a prejudice against him and her daughter-in-law. Added to these reasons, Mr. Seymour was a very vain man, and never acted in any way without saying to himself, "What will the world say?" Hence, though his first impulses were frequently good, the determinations of his judgment were often contemptible.

[To be continued.]

DEFENCE OF NEGRO SLAVERY.

WERE I to vindicate our right to make slaves of the Negroes, (says Montesquieu) these should be my arguments: The Europeans, having extirpated the Americans, were obliged to make slaves of the Africans for clearing such vast tracts of land.

Sugar would be too dear, if the plants which produce it were cultivated by any other than slaves.

These creatures are all over black, and with such a flat nose, that they can scarcely be pitied.

It is hardly to be believed that God, who is a wise being, should place a soul, especially a good soul, in such a black and ugly body.

The color of the skin may be determined by that of the hair, which, among the Egyptians, the best philosophers in the world, was of such importance, that they put to death all the red-haired men who fell into their hands.

The Negroes prefer a glass necklace to that gold, which polite nations so highly value: Can there be a greater proof of their wanting common sense?

It is impossible for us to suppose these creatures to be men; because, allowing them to be men, a suspicion would follow, that we ourselves are not Christians.

Weak minds exaggerate too much the wrong done to the Africans; for, were the case as they state it, would the European powers, who make so many needless conventions among themselves, have failed to make a general one in behalf of humanity and compassion?

INSTANCE OF LONGEVITY.

MAFFEUS, who wrote the history of the Indies, which has always been a model of veracity as well as elegant composition, mentions a native of Bengal, named Numas de Cugna, who died in 1566, at the age of 370. He was a man of great simplicity, and quite illiterate; but of so extensive a memory, that he was a kind of living chronicle, relating distinctly and exactly what had happened within his knowledge in the compass of his life, together with all the circumstances attending it. He had four new sets of teeth; and the color of his hair and beard had been very frequently changed from black to grey, and from grey to black. He asserted, that in the course of his life he had seven hundred wives, some of whom died, and others he had put away. The first century of his life passed in idolatry, from which he was converted to Mahometanism, which he continued to profess to his death. This account is also confirmed by another Portuguese author, Ferdinand Lopez Castegueda, who was historian of the royal.

ANECDOTE.

BISHOP WARBURTON was a man of great learning and wit. Lb. a Bouteourt, who was a coxcombical prig of an officer in a certain militia, was once objecting to the liturgy, and among other passages animadverted on the prayer, "Give us grace in our time, O Lord; for there is none other that fighteth for us but only thou, O God," alledging that the petition implied a want of confidence in the Supreme Being; to which Warburton replied, that he supposed, it was inserted in the Common Prayer Book at a time when he had no standing army, and only the militia to defend us.

SCRAP. Acquired honor is surely for more.

ODE TO MY TEA-POT.

OH, thou! the fountain of that stream, whose pow'r
Bellows delight at morn's awakening hour,
And after, when the beams of day-light fail,
Renew'st thy flow of fragrant beverage, hail!
With thee thro' life serenely can I pass,
Renew my cup and break the baleful glass:
In health or sickness still I fly to thee,
And my best comfort is a CUP OF TEA.

Let the full drunkard boast the pow'r divine,
Which shines resplendent in his mantling wine,
And bow in adoration:
Lo! China's scented leaf I choose,
In crystal fluid I infuse
The herb, and straight a drink shall flow
That sooner shall assuage my woe,
And kindle exultation.

The grape's strong juice distract the brain;
All past a certain point is pain,
And bitterest vexation:
My bevrage sets my sense awake,
My wit grows keen the more I take;
At night my couch invites to rest,
And down I sink in tranquil slumbers blest.

When wine goes round, and noise alone preludes,
Each bathful fair her modest beauty hides;
Far from thy circle she in fear retires----
Mine asks the lovely sex to grace
With her bright charms the highest place,
And modest wit inspires.

Round the rich altar men and maidens meet;
Age tells his tale, and youth the gallant feat:
The social throng of old and young,
The smart retort, the jest, the song,
All intermingling, and unite
To wake the voice of love, and virtues of delight.

If sickness rage, if fever's lingering fire
Arouses thirst's still languishing desire,
How oft from thee, faint smiling, have I quaff'd
Thy precious nectar in assuaging draught!
Still would thy power my flagging spirits raise
In faint, but faithful, accents to thy praise.

When pond'rous pains distract the head,
Drink but thy stream the weight is fled;
Or, if fatigue and labor tire,
And ev'ry limb from toil respire,
And paroxysm thine fierce burning rage;
How kind, how lenient is thy cup!

Reit gathers strength at every sup,
And toil o'erstrain'd at length thou dost assuage,
Thy bland, thy healing draught, like balm,
Beflows a soothng calm.
Then still be thou my dear delight,
At evening, morning, noon, or night,
With thee, I never will repine
For flowing cups of rosy wine:
And, while the toper drinks his glass with glee,
Mine be the fair, the friend, good health, and tea.

BEAUTY.

BEAUTY, thou tyrant, whose despotic sway,
Enslaves thy thousands in one fatal day,
Listen for once to the pure voice of truth----
Thy radiant charms must all decay with youth;
And wrinkled age, triumphant in thy face,
Disperse thy bloom and banish ev'ry grace.
Those eyes which now bright Hesper's beams outvie,
Of loveliest blue, transparent as the sky;
Those rosy cheeks, where health's fair bloom appears,
Those lips, which all the ruby's crimson wears,
That snowy neck, now so divinely fair,
Shaded with ringlets of thine auburn hair,
All, all must yield to Time's destroying hand,
And not one charm his dreadful rage withstands;
Then thy dim eyes shall trace thy form in vain,
For those bright graces which no more remain.
Ye fair, be wise, while yet 'tis in your power,
Improve each fleeting day, each passing hour;
Enrich, our youthful minds with virtuous lore,
That will remain till time shall be no more.

SCRAP. FROM SHAKESPEARE.

THE purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is---SPOTLESS RÉPUTATION; that away,
Men are but gilded loam and painted clay,

THE PARSON'S WIG.

ABOUT a century ago, a New-England parson bought him a wig at Bolton, and returning home, wore it, the next Sabbath, at church.

The sight of this strange phenomenon excited very unpleasant sensations in the minds of a large part of the congregation; insomuch that, what with staring, wriggling and scowling, and whispering, but very little notice was taken of the parson's sermon. The next day, the aggrieved party repaired to the dwelling house of the parson to state their grievance and demand redress. Now the burden of the complaint appears to have been that he should wear a wig of the Bolton cut, adjusted and finished in high taste. The parson, being a mild, milky sort of a man, (as all parsons should be) brought forth his wig and bade them fashion it to their own liking. Whereupon they formed a circle, composed of all ages, grades and genders, and, taking a pair of scissars, they cropped off one lock of the wig, and then another, and another, till at length all declared that it might be lawfully worn upon a christian's head---except one single dissentient, who started a new objection by alledging, that wearing a wig was a violation of the decalogue, which says, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath." The parson, who hitherto had been silent, made the following cogent reply, "Neighbor, said he, when the wig came from the barber, your objection would have been valid; but in its present state, I defy the nicest casuist to show, that it is in the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath."—Hereupon the objector, after having viewed the wig with some suitable attention, candidly withdrew his objection.

MORRID EFFECTS OF GAMBLING.

THE pernicious consequences of play have been frequently described in the strongest terms, and illustrated by the most striking examples. Seldom however, have they been represented on so large a scale as in the late account of the fate of a great body of gamblers at Hamburg, which an intelligent spectator has published in a German Gazette, as the result of his attentive examination during a period of two years. Of six hundred individuals who were in the habit of frequenting gaming houses, he states, that nearly one half not only lost considerable sums, but were finally stripped of all means of subsistence, and ended their days by self murder. Of the rest not less than a hundred finished their career by becoming swindlers or robbers on the high way. The remnant of this unfortunate group perished, some by apoplexy, but the greater number by chagrin and despair. He mentions that during the whole space of four years, to which his journal is confined, he did not see one of these six hundred gamblers with a single new dress.

ANECDOTE.

JAMES QUIN, the actor, so celebrated for his blunt humor and his sensuality, was in the habit of spending his evening at the Three Tuns Tavern, in St. Paul-street, which, at that period, was a tavern of importance, and had the credit of selling the best wine in Bath. The Vicar of Rodstock (a village in the neighborhood) being instigated by the same motives, used this tavern also; and hearing that Mr. Quin was not only a bon vivant, but a great drinker, the parson challenged him to a trial of skill, which took place after dinner. In this Bacchanalian effort, the son of the Church triumphed over the son of the Muse; and by nine o'clock the same evening, poor Quin funk motionless on the floor, when the rubicund priest bestrode the body of his fallen competitor, and drank another bottle while he pronounced a requiem over the prostrate Silenus. After this adventure, the parson proudly walked home, and Quin, awaking staggered towards the Parade, where he resided; his landlady meeting him at the door, was alarmed at his dishevelled appearance and cried, "Lord, Mr. Quin, where in the name of Heaven have you been?" "At the Two Tuns Tavern, mine hostes."—"Why, Sir, you must mistake, there is no such in Bath; there are the Three Tuns if you please."—"There were three tuns you mean hostes," rejoined the comedian: "but now there are only two; for I'll be sworn that the Parson of Rodstock and I have drank up the other this evening!"

EPICRAM.

WHEN fair MARIA's soft persuasive strain
Bids universal liberty to reign,
Oh! how at variance are her lips and eyes,
For, while the charmer talks, the gazer dies.

WRITTEN AT THE BOTTOM OF A YEARLY
BILL OF MORTALITY.

By that excellent moral poet COWPER.

WHILE thirteen moons saw smoothly run
The Ne's barge-laden wave,
All these, life's rambling journey done,
Have found their home---the grave.
Was man, frail always, made more frail
Than in foregoing years?
Did famine, or did plague prevail,
That so much death appears?
No; these were vigorous as their fires,
Nor plague or famine came;
This annual tribute Death requires,
And never waives his claim.
Like crowded forest trees we stand,
And some are mark'd to fall;
The ax will smite at God's command,
And soon shall smite us all.
Green as the bay-tree, ever green,
With its new foliage on,
The gay, the thoughtless, have I seen;
I pass'd---and they were gone.
Read, ye that run, the awful truth
With which I charge my page;
A worm is in the bud of youth,
And at the root of age.
No present health can health insure
For yet an hour to come;
No med'cine, tho' it oft can cure,
Can always baulk the tomb.

AN ANECDOTE.

ON a late review of the weights and measures in the Hundred of Rochford, in Essex, (England) among other defaulters, the amount of whose convictions was above 130*l.* an old woman wept bitterly for the loss of a fourteen pound weight, which was deficient a pound, declaring, that she had had it so many years, she set more store by it than by any weight in her shop.

REMARK.

Interest speaks all languages, and acts all parts, even that of the disinterested person.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1802.

SUMMARY.

By an arrival at Norfolk, London news to the 31st December is received. The substance of the intelligence is --- That the Negotiations at Amiens were in a favorable train---A rumour had circulated, which appeared unfounded, that Spain had refused to cede Trinidad, which had led to the report of general hostilities: The differences between Austria and Prussia on the subject of indemnities, are likely to be settled by a convention through the interposition of France---and the horrors of renewed hostilities on the Continent thereby prevented---The Treaty of Bajados, according to Mr. Wyndham, is to be considered as the basis of the negotiations between G. Britain and France, as far as they respect Portugal, while that of Madrid is to be annulled, the interest of their faithful Ally being thus far attended to by the British ministry. The British fleet, joined by the squadrons of L'Orient and Rochefort, amounting to 23 ships, of which 5 are Spanish, sailed with a fair wind the 14th of December, convoying transports containing twenty five thousand troops. The Spanish general Gravina goes out with the expedition as Governor it is said of the Havanna. Although no intention hostile to G. Britain is apprehended, four ships of the line from the squadron of Sir James Saumarez are to augment the fleet in the West-Indies.

Capt. Montieth, of the brig Joseph Harvey, arrived at Philadelphia from Cadiz, informs that while there, he received a letter from Captain Blackwell, dated Algeciras December 31st, relating the capture of a Tripolitan brig and two hundred men, by the United States Frigate Philadelphia.

The brig Dove, Daniel Hubbard, from the bay of Honduras, bound to this port, was spoke on the 3d inst, in the Gulph stream, in distress---no cables nor anchors, sails all to pieces and both pumps going.

EFFECTS OF THE STORM.

We learn by the sloop Fame, Taber, in 5 days from New Bedford, that four small sloops were driven ashore during the late storm between Throg's Point and Riker's Island, and one at Huntington, some of which had gone to pieces.

The sloop Amphitrite, Geer, from Baltimore, with oil, &c. to John Halsey and others, made a harbor during the gale in the Kills---the lost two anchors and went ashore; but, by borrowing another anchor, was got off without receiving any injury. Walter Brennan, a seaman died on board the Amphitrite on Tuesday night, of the lock-jaw, occasioned, it is supposed by the severity of the weather.

By the Vespica fishing smack, arrived on Thursday from the Hook, we learn that during the above gale, 7 fishing smacks were driven ashore near the Hook, three of which had been got off.

The ship Libertina, Capt. Stevens, from New Bedford for this port, belonging to Mr. Henry Hutchinson, and others, of New Bedford, and coming to the house of Hicks and Post, unfortunately went ashore on Hog Island, on the 4th inst. Mr. Elisha Blossom, and 15 other persons, ship-carpenters, riggers, &c. were employed to go down to get her off; and succeeded so far as to get her head off shore, and she would have floated at the height of a common tide. But in the severe storm of the 2nd inst, she was again driven into a more dangerous situation, where she bilged, and will be lost. The men who were employed to save this ship, remained on the beach till the 24th inst. when they all left it in a boat for far Rockaway---shortly after landing at Rockaway, five men, who belonged to far Rockaway, died, in consequence of the severe manner in which they had been bitten with the frost---and it is supposed that others will lose their limbs, if not their lives, from the same cause. A subscription, we are informed, is set on foot for their relief, and for those who depended on the deceased for a subsistence---and it is hoped that the feeling and charitable inhabitants of this city, will freely contribute on an occasion so peculiarly distressing.

The sloop Alva, Capt. Clark, from this port to Connecticut river, was driven ashore in the same storm, near Loyd's Neck, and will be lost. One of the passengers took his trunk, and swung himself ashore from the end of the browspit. He was tracked home distance from the vessel, and his trunk found; but the man is still missing.

The brig Lapwing, Capt. Noble, from Liverpool and New Orleans, for this port, belonging to William Kenyon, in the same storm went ashore at Middle Town Point Creek N. Jersey, no apprehensions of her loss is entertained, as she floats at high water.

A schooner, name unknown, but supposed to be the John, with Mr. Morris on board, is ashore near the same place.

The brig Echo, for Charleston, drove ashore on Staten-Island, is full of water. The greater part of the cargo, with the vessel will probably be lost. One of the hands, (a black man) was froze to death.

DREADFUL INUNDATION.

Several districts in the South-Eastern parts of France, and in the North of Italy, have been entirely inundated, by the overflowings of the river, occasioned by incessant rains. From the town of Arles in the departments of the mouths of the Rhone, a letter of the 15th says, "that on the 9th November an inundation took place, the like of which has not lately been seen since the deluge. The damage it has done is incalculable, the rain continues to fall in torrents, and was accompanied the whole of the day before yesterday with the loudest thunder. It seems as if the cataracts of heaven and earth would overwhelm us. From the tops of our houses we see nothing but a roaring sea and wrecks of buildings, and cattle passing every moment in dreadful confusion. All our cattle, our feed, and the produce of our last harvest, are destroyed. Our moles and our causeways, those immense works which our forefathers had built at great expense to defend the soil, and insure our harvests, are already destroyed.

The rise of water has been so great that it has surpassed by 4 feet the dreadful inundation of 1755. The aqueduct of Caponne, erected 26 feet above the level of the earth, is only two feet higher than the water. One half the city is under water; several houses have fallen, and have buried under them merchandize, furniture, provisions, and every thing that the violence or suddenness of the inundation did not permit us to snatch from their fury.

COURT OF HYMEN.

COME, ruby-lip, rosy-cheek, dimpling young beauties, Now Hymen is waiting to teach you Love's duties; Quick chuse out your partners, and seize on life's treasures, Remember in youth and health are your best pleasures.

MARRIED.

A few weeks ago, at Flatbush, by the Rev. Mr. Schoonmaker, Mr. SIMEON RAPALJE, to Miss HILLA WILLIAMSON, both of that place.

On Thursday the 11th inst. at Flatbush, by the Rev. Mr. Low, Major JOHN COENHOVEN, of New-Utrecht, to Miss SUSAN MARTINSEN, of Flatbush.

Same day, at Flatlands, by the Rev. Mr. Schoonmaker, Mr. JOHN VAN DYKE, of Gravesend, to Miss DEBORAH BENNET, of Flatlands.

On Thursday last week, at Flatbush, by the Rev. Mr. Low, Mr. SAMUEL WATTS, to Miss MARIA VAN CLEEF, both of that place.

DIED.

On Monday the 15th inst. at Baltimore, Mrs. ANN ELEANOR WILLIAMER, in the one hundred and fourth year of her age.

From a Philadelphia paper of Feb. 18.

AMERICAN MIRACLE.

The SKELETON of the MAMMOTH, with which it is Mr. Rembrandt Peale's intention shortly to visit Europe was yesterday so far put together, that previous to taking it to pieces for the purpose of packing up, he and twelve other gentlemen partook of a collation within the breast of the animal; all comfortably seated round a small table and one of Mr. Hawkins' patent portable piano's.



NOTICE.

The Printers and Booksellers of this city, are requested to meet at the Tontine Coffee House THIS EVENING, at 7 o'clock, for the purpose of taking into consideration the proposed additional duty upon the importation of Printing Types.



JUST PUBLISHED,

And for sale by JOHN HARRISON, No. 3, Peck-Slip,

THE
VICAR OF LANSDOWNE,
A TALE,

By REGINA M. ROCHE, author of the Maid of the Hamlet, Children of the Abbey, &c.

TICKETS

IN THE NAVIGATION LOTTERY,

Sold by John Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

THEATRE.

This evening, will be presented, a COMEDY called,

The Poor Gentleman.

To which will be added, the entertainment of

The Agreeable Surprise.

On Monday evening,

ADELMORN, THE OUTLAW.

With a FARCE, and other entertainments.

Vivat Republica.

Just received, and for sale by JOHN C. TOTTEN, Chat-ham-square, near the new watch-house, and at this office,

The LESSONS of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the United States of America; selected from the Holy Scriptures: with an Exposition of all the Sundays and principal Holy Days throughout the year, ---Also, An Explanation of the CATECHISM of said church,

COURT OF APOLLO.

IN PRAISE OF POTATOES.

HAIL, rare POTATOES ! hot or cold, all hail !
O quickly come, my appetite's delight !
Whether in oven's fiery concave clos'd,
By Baker's art delicious, thou'rt embrown'd,
While sills of purple gravy, from the pores
Of mighty beef, improve the luscious fare :
Whether the dame, of culinary skill,
Hath clasp'd thee o'er, and to the boisterous rage
Of warring elements confid thee deep,
Beneath the cope of air-excluding lid,
In horrid dorance plang'd ; or when with steak
Of marble vein, from rump of stall-fed steer,
Disparted late, slic'd, in the shallow pan
I view thee kindly stew'd--how joys my heart !
How flesh, with eager glance, my longing eyes !
Or, in the tedious eve, when nipping frost
Reigns potent, 'mid the smouldering embers roast,
(From subterraneous stores selected) those
Of amplest size, rotund, of native coat
Yet unbeneath ; and, if my homely board,
Penurious, add but few salubrious grains
Of humble fare, I blest the cheap repast.
But chiefly come at noontide hunger's call,
When, from the ebullient pot, your meanly tribe,
With happiest art prepar'd, profusely pour ;
And be the maws, with butler's plenteous aid,
To rich confidence wrought : nor, O ! withhold
The pepper's pungent power, of grateful glow
Beneficent---Ardent in pudding's praise
Let others rant loquacious ;---I despise
The doughy morsel for my favorite food.
Give me but this, ye gods ! I'd scornful pass
Each celebrated shop, where brittle puffs,
Maltangular, with custards, cakes and cream,
And lucid jellies, nodding o'er the brim
Of crystal vase, in pastry pomp combine
To lure the sense. These, these unmov'd I pass,
While pleas'd I antedate POTATOES' charms,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind.

ON RUM.

GREAT Spirit, hail ! confusion's angry fire
And like thy parent Bacchus, born of fire ;
The jail's decoy, the greedy merchant's lure :
Disease of money, but reflection's cure.
We owe, great Dram, the trembling hand to thee,
The headstrong purpose, and the feeble knee ;
The loss of honor, and the cause of wrong ;
The brain enchanted, and the faltering tongue.
While fancy flies before the unconfid'd,
Thou leav'st disabled prudence far behind,
In thy pursuit our fields are left forlorn,
Whilst giant weeds oppres the pigmy corn.
Thou threw'st a mist before thee farmer's eyes ;
The plough grows idle, and the harvest dies.
By thee refresh'd, no cruel norths we fear ;
It's always warm and calm, when thou art near ;
On the bare earth, for thee expos'd, we lie ;
And brave the malice of a frowning sky.
Like those who did in ancient times repent,
We sit in ashes, and our clothes are rent.
O, grand deluder ! such thy charming art :
'Twere good we ne'er should meet, or never part,
Ever abscond, or ever tend our call ;
Leave us our sense entire, or none at all.

ANECDOTE.

ON the occasion of a duel which lately took place in N. Jersey, the several spectators, who accompanied the parties to the field, together with the two seconds, climbed the trees to be out of harm's way, while they saw fair play---One of the parties, however, chose to terminate the affair by firing his pistol in the air---a thing unforeseen. The ball passed through the upper limbs of the very tree where the second of his antagonist had taken his post, and who was so much alarmed at the whistling of the bullet, that he fell, and broke his collar bone ! Happily no lives were lost.

REMARK.

Not all who discharge their debts of gratitude, should flatter themselves that they are grateful.

MORALIST.

REMARKS ON TRUTH.

THERE is no crime more infamous than the violation of truth ; it is apparent, that men can be foolish beings no longer than they can believe each other. When speech is employed only as the vehicle of falsehood, every man must disunite himself from others, inhabit his own cave, and seek prey only for himself.

Truth is not only a man's ornament, but his instrument ; it is the great man's glory, and the poor man's stock ; a man's truth is his livelihood, his recommendation, his letters of credit.

There is nothing, so delightful as the hearing or speaking of truth. For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.

Where diligence opens the door of the understanding, and impartiality keeps it, truth is sure to find both an entrance and a welcome too.

J. TICE,
Perfumer and Ornamental Hair-Manufacturer.

Has removed from No. 19 Park Row, to No. 134 William-street, next door to Mr. Robertson's Carpet Store---where he has for sale an elegant assortment of Ladies' wigs and Fillets, of various colors, and of the most recent fashions, which he has received by late arrivals from Europe---with a general assortment of PERFUMERY, of the first quality, &c. &c.

He has also for sale---A new invented Liquid Blacking, for boots and shoes, which is an excellent preservation for the leather, and renders it water proof, and will not even soil the whitest silk. Black morocco that is become rusty, by the use of this Blacking, will look equal to new---To be had only at the above store.

Nov. 14.

HIRAM GARDNER,

LADIES' SHOE-MAKER, No 91 BROAD-WAY,

RETURNS his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public in general, for the patronage he has received in the above profession, and respectfully solicits a continuance of the same, to merit which no endeavors shall be wanting----At the same time he begs leave to state, that owing to the difficulties and expence necessarily attending the collection of small debts, he feels himself under the necessity of DISCONTINUING GIVING CREDIT on articles vended by RETAIL, and trusts, as he proposes in future to vend his shoes one shilling per pair below the usual price, in order to render prompt payment a desirable object to the purchaser, that no offence will be taken by those who have hitherto honored him with their patronage, but that his friends as well as the public, will cheerfully accede to what appears so equitable a proposition.

Jan. 23

REUBEN BUNN,

LADIES SHOE-MAKER, No 60 WILLIAM-STREET,

RETURNS his grateful acknowledgements to his friends and the public in general, for the patronage he has received in the above profession, and respectfully solicits a continuance of the same, to merit which no endeavors shall be wanting----At the same time he begs leave to state, that owing to the difficulties and expence necessarily attending the collection of small debts, he feels himself under the necessity of DISCONTINUING GIVING CREDIT on articles vended by RETAIL, and trusts, as he proposes in future to vend his shoes one shilling per pair below the usual price, in order to render prompt payment a desirable object to the purchaser, that no offence will be taken by those who have hitherto honored him with their patronage, but that his friends as well as the public, will cheerfully accede to what appears so equitable a proposition.

Jan. 23

JOHN READ,

No. 153 and 155 Water-Street,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

Acknowledges the favors of his friends and the public, and solicits a continuance ; but informs them, that as many difficulties attend the collection of small debts, will discontinue giving credit by retail. He hopes no offence will be taken, as none is intended.

N.B. Orders thankfully received, and liberal credit given.

New-York, Feb. 13, 1802.

HUMORS ON THE FACE AND SKIN.

Particularly Pimples, Blotches, Tetter, Ringworms, Tans, Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redness of the Nose, Neck or Arms, and Prickly Heat, are effectually cured by the application of

DOCTOR CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION.

This excellent remedy has been administered by the inventor, for several years while in England with the greatest success. By the simple application of this fluid for a short time, it will remove the most rankinous and alarming scurvy in the face, which has foiled every other remedy. It possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated cosmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended with confidence to every person so afflicted, as an efficacious and certain cure.

This Lotion is prepared (only) at Church's Dispensary, No. 137 Front-Street, near the Fly-Market, N. Y. Bottles, containing half pints, sold at 75 Cents, and pints one Dollar 25 Cents.

Feb. 6.

HENRY WARTS,

Painter, Gilder and Glazier,

Has commenced the above business at No. 59 William-Street, where he solicits the patronage of his friends and the public in general.

Feb. 20. 28

E. FROST,

Perfumer and Ornamental Hair Manufacturer.

No 131 William Street, respectfully informs the Ladies of N. York, that he has for sale a handsome assortment of Imported Wigs, FRONTLETS and RIBOLETS, which for lightness, ease, and elegance in dress, stand unrivaled.

Feb. 20. 95.

JAMES ALWAYS,

Windsor Chair Maker.

Informs his Customers and the Public in general, that he continues to carry on his WINDSOR CHAIR BUSINESS, at No. 40 James Street, where Windsor Chairs of every description, may be had on short notice and reasonable terms. He likewise informs the public, that he has good accommodations for drying old Chairs, when repainted, and will take them from any part of the town, and return them in good order ; he will paint them green or any fancy color, at a very low price.

N.B. All orders for painting Window blinds carefully attended to.

January 20.

FOR THE USE OF THE FAIR SEX,

The Genuine French Almond Paste,

Superior to any thing in the world for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chopped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy---this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. Dubois, Perfumer, No. 81 William-street New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as Pomatum of all sorts, common and scented Hair Powders, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Water, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Asiatic Balsam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilia Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors, and Razor Strops of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cases for Ladies and gentlemen complete, Tortoise shell and Ivory Combs, Swansdown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and curling Irons, &c.

FOR SALE.

A large and elegant assortment of Looking Glasses, gilt and mahogany frames, by Carter, Cornell and Co. at their LOOKING GLASS WARE HOUSE, No. 113, corner of Pearl street and Fly Market.

Also, just received, 30 boxes of Looking Glass Plates, and a quantity of the best Mahogany, suitable for cabinet work.

Jan. 23.

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FOR SALE.

A healthy Negro Wench, 22 years old,---sober, industrious, and honest,---sold for no fault. For particulars enquire of the printer.

January 20.

Printed & Edited by JOHN HARRISON,
No. 3 Peck-Slip.
[One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.]